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HANUKKAH.

The annual recurrence of Hanukkah recalls to our attention the fact that the Jews can fight for a just cause. We hear it so often emphasized that the mission of Israel is Peace, that we lose sight of the fact that—to reverse a common saying—there is glory in war as well as in peace. It is manly to keep away from strife; but, as at all other theories, the extreme is herein also to be avoided. Peace at any price does not appeal to the virile part of human nature. For the sake of quietude we must often enter strife, and when the cause is just, we may be assured that we will prevail.

It is undoubtedly in this spirit that the Zionists have chosen Hanukkah, as their especial holiday. We hear so much and are so often impressed with Israel under persecution, that the event celebrated on these days of Israel as fighter, and as seeking independence, appeals to the national spirit of those who wish to rehabilitate the Jews in their own country.

At any rate, the lesson we learn is that of self-dependence, and that it is often necessary to "take arms against a sea of trouble." The Maccabean heroes will live in history as long as love of freedom will inspire men, and in our lesser affairs of life also, righteousness, though upheld by only a few, will prevail, no matter how strong and num-

erous an army opposes it. If we observe peace when we can and battle when we must, success cannot fail us, "For conquer we must, for our cause it is just."

Z. b. S. H.

I. O. B. B.

During the month of December Houston will witness a reformation of B'nai B'rith labor. Two sister lodges will endeavor to entertain and with pride draw closer to the members and non-members.

The thought then arises as to the duty of our Jewish citizenship to this order, founded in love and charity for our fellow Jew. To the members of this noble organization it should be with pride that he realizes his membership and to the non-member an invitation to at once associate himself and become a B'rith. The new word speaks for little, but the acts and results shown should alone hasten his action and be an incentive to consider himself in this brotherhood and the one Jewish organization stretching from ocean to ocean and across the sea—the one organization recognized as the exponent of pure Jewish thought, Jewish charity and above all the betterment of the Jewish citizenship. Patriotism in war would demand a sacrifice, but your assistance now with this organization is a duty you cannot avoid, a duty you must not avoid. To chronicle its acts would place before you a tribute to this organization without parallel in this country. In all causes for the relief of our downtrodden co-religionists, and living as we do in this glorious land of freedom, drinking fully of that liberty of speech and when liberty our co-religionists pray for in distant lands, where to exist is a merciful decree, living in eternal fear of the hatred and malice which ends in torture, even death, as a sweet comforter, yet true and faithful

to their God!

To the children cared for by this organization, and instead of pauperized Jewish citizenship, matured into honorable men and gentle women, the pride of their fellows and an honor to the American Jew!

Its lead in culture and its lofty purpose makes it the emblem of our endeavors and it must appeal to you. Can you afford to stand at the outer portal, when a hearty welcome and an eased conscience awaits you?

A FEW MINUTES WITH EDGAR ALLEN POE.

(Saul Sumner Gordon.)

The life of Edgar Allen Poe is the saddest in the annals of American men of letters. And if there was plenty of time accorded me, I might spend the whole evening to good advantage in giving the details of this man's life. But as you know, my time is limited to ten or fifteen minutes, and all that I can do is merely to relate a few of the incidents which have a direct bearing and influence on the poet's character and work.

When but a child two years of age, Poe was left an orphan; thrown on the bounty of foster-parents. In this home he received everything except that which touches the tender heart of youth. Precocious as he was, willful, proud and imperious, we can see that he needed firm discipline and love; instead he received indulgence and kindness. That warm love which goes through our hearts and souls, when bestowed upon us, and which an artistic temperament lives on just as plants do upon water, was not given to Poe as a child. How this reacted in his poetry is apparent as you will see and hear.

At school all held aloof from the young boy, just as they did in manhood. And he stood alone in proud loneliness. Are we then surprised to read that when Poe, at the age of 14, visited the home of his chum, whose mother received him with open arms and warm welcome, full of demonstration and love, he was so wrought up and effected that he

went home in a dream and stupor. He could hardly wait for the second visit to the home and presence of his ideal love, and guardian angel. This woman, by name Mrs. Stannard, undoubtedly would have shaped Poe's life. When he needed her most, she passed away. His grief was unspeakable; the light which was to show him the path was blown out. His days were dreary and dark. At night he hovered around the grave of his ideal love. It was this event that probably gave rise to the appellation of "Moody Poet." In expression of this sorrow he gave vent to the lines called "Lenore."

Soon he left the home of his foster parents and turned to literature for a livelihood. But as you all know, Poe never made any money at writing. He was poor all his life. Many times in subject poverty. Around him were men far his inferior, and he knew it, who were becoming wealthy by the pen. Can we not all realize exactly what this meant to him. He was married to a beautiful young woman, whom he dearly loved, and who was dying from slow consumption; and he could not earn enough at times to buy medicine. All this merely emphasized his characteristics. His full cup of sorrow and grief made him hard. His antagonism made him enemies. Both changed him at times into a fiery demon who could only be satiated by wine. Poe himself stated that he got no pleasure in stimulants, but that he indulged to escape torturing memories of wrong, injustice, imputed dishonor, loneliness, a constant dread of impending doom, and intolerable sorrow.

This last characteristic is peculiar to his poetry. You cannot read any poem without feeling that, underlying pain and sorrow, which must have had an outlet in the poetry and was written at the expense of brain and poetry.

Poe will be remembered, in addition to his poetry, by his famous poetic principle, of which we must know a little in order to thoroughly understand him. Poe believed that poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty. That the pleasure derived from the contemplation of beauty is

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